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THE
RIVAL ROSES;
OR
WARS
OF
YORK AND LANCASTER.

A METRICAL TALE.

I wish to tune my quivering lyre
To deeds of arms, and notes of fire,
To echo from its rising swell,
How heroes fought, and *kinsmen* fell;
But still, to martial strains, unknown,
My lyre recurs to LOVE, alone.

INSCRIBED, BY PERMISSION, TO HER GRACE
THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF RUTLAND.

IN TWO VOLS.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for the Author;
Sold by J. J. STOCKDALE, No. 41, Pall-Mall.

1813.

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THE

RIVAL ROSES;

ſc. ſc.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

THE sun, at morn, on Ennerdale,
Shone dimly thro' a cloudy veil;
Yet friendship's influence divine,
Made the dull scene refulgent shine.
The lordly friends, a bliss, enjoy,
No fleeting cloud had power t'alloy;

VOL. II.

B

And ISADORE, with glowing cheek,
Saw ARMYN's eyes, his passion speak.
The beams of ARMYN's glancing eye,
To her, the rays of Sol, supply.

II.

Strange, that the sex, for softness framed,
That these, for winning graces famed,
Should harbour thoughts of vengeance dire,
And give their minds to stormy ire!
Strange! that, within the female soul,
Passion should rage, without controul :
“ Yet, so it was,” MONTORRAN said,
Who thus, DE CLIFFORD's crimes, displayed.

“ Within Rock-Cader’s gloomy tower,
My soul defied DE CLIFFORD’S power ;
Tho’ art, like her’s, and beauty bland,
Scarce mortal prowess could withstand.
They led me to th’ insidious fair ;
My eyes were dazzled by the glare
Of numerous lights, that vainly showed
A room, where art voluptuous glowed.
Oft had I seen the lovely JANE,
Man’s admiration, seek to gain ;
But ne’er so plainly viewed before,
Her matchless beauty’s, dazzling store.
Around her form of graceful mould,
Fell her light robe, in artful fold ;

A radiant cestus clasped her waist,
With sparkling diamonds, richly graced.
Her raven locks, in glossy pride,
Her beauteous bosom seemed to hide ;
But parting ringlets still disclose,
A neck, more white, than Alpine snows ;
While her fair arms, of Parian hue,
Revealed their beauty, to my view ;
And, o'er her arched and polished brows,
The chaplet pale, of YORK, arose.
Amazed I stood ; the artful fair,
Approached, with soft, bewitching air ;
My hand she caught, I from her broke,
Then she, with melting accent, spoke.

III.

“ Oh ! sure, MONTORRAN cannot prove
Ungrateful to my constant love :

The world believes thee dead ; but I
Will all that world, to thee, supply.”

“ Cease, lady, cease ! vain every art,
Thou ne’er wilt win MONTORRAN’s heart ;
No, lady ! tho’ my heart were free,
It ne’er, thus wooed, could yield to thee !
Virtue alone, my soul can fire,
And fervent love’s bright flame inspire.”

How, in one instant, changed the fair!

How quickly, fled each softer grace!

Her sparkling eyes, with passion, glare,

And anger stamped her pallid face.

“ Fool! idiot! thou hast sealed thy doom;

Thou can’st not melt at beauty’s glance!

Thy dwelling henceforth be the tomb,

While goblin crews, around thee, dance.

Better, will suit thy visual ray,

Better, will suit thine icy soul,

To view corruption’s mouldering clay,

While spectral forms, around thee howl;

Than, with myself, to taste delight,
Cold, frozen boy! there shalt thou stay!"
She said : and from my wondering sight,
With laugh, sardonic, passed away.

IV.

Brief let me be : I was conveyed,
To the deep vault's horrific shade ;
There, years of grief, with silent pace,
Destroyed, 'ere long, each fatal grace.
My GERTRUDE, every thought, employed,
For JANE, no more, my peace annoyed ;
And soon I hoped, at rest, to be ;
My soul seemed fluttering to be free.

When, lo! this youth, and maiden fair,
Snatched me from woe, and sad despair;
Again, far happier prospects rise,
For hope's gay vistas glad mine eyes.
Now, EDENMERE, thy tale reveal,
Nor aught from me, thy friend, conceal.

V.

“ BERTHA, no more! my infant lost,
Myself, on war's rough billows, tost!
Would not a pleasing story swell,
Nor win this maiden's ear so well,
As the sad tale thou had'st to tell.

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Ah ! strangely does this blooming fair,

My BERTHA's form to me recall ;

Like her's, retiring is her air,

Like her's, her modest accents fall.—

Sweet girl, to me, thy tale unfold.”

Her simple history she told.

What glowing blushes graced her cheek,

When forced, of ARMYN's love, to speak ;

While gay delight, and transport wild,

In ARMYN's radiant visage smiled.

If e'er on earth, is bliss complete,

'Tis when our kindred soul we meet ;

When the pure heart, and gentle mind,

Congenial excellence can find :

Time, as he flies, on rapid wings,
Then endless blessings hourly brings.
With brighter charms, creation glows,
And thornless blooms, gay pleasure's rose ;
The tide of rapture fills the eye,
And joy effuses in the sigh.

VI.

“ The day,” Lord EDENMERE resumed,
“ When joy's last radiant gleam I viewed ;
How pleasure's beam, our eyes illumed,
As they, our infant's form, pursned.
What joy serene my bosom blest,
As I, my wife or child caressed.

When, lo! a stranger's giant form,
 Stalked where our lovely babe had strayed,
Thoughtless of misery's coming storm;
 I with surprise, the wretch surveyed.
Thro' the domain, a river, wound,
 And soon upon the opposing side,
While her blue eyes in tears were drowned,
 I, with the stranger, saw my child.
How fearful was my BERTHA's cry!
 I plunged across the flowing tide;
He seemed, with winged speed to fly,
 His steed's swift feet, pursuit deride.
From BERTHA, earthly comfort, fled,
She left me soon, to mourn her dead;

But heaven may yet my child restore,

I yet, may view my ISADORE."

VII.

"Thy name is ISADORE, sweet maid!"

With fluttering hope, MONTORRAN said,

"Hast thou no gem, which might disclose,

Whence thy name and lineage flows?"

Hid, in her garment's modest fold,

The maiden wore a cross of gold;

The sacred emblem, forth she drew;

MONTORRAN, the memento, knew:

"This cross," he cried, "my sister wore,

When thou, wert wont, her love t'implore."

LORD EDENMERE, surprise o'ercame,
With happiness he sank opprest;
But soon he clasped the youthful dame,
With joy, to his paternal breast.
“Thou art my child indeed!” he cried,
“That cross around thy neck was tied.”

VIII.

The waves of joy, that o'er her face,
Had rushed in bright succession bland;
With reflux flow, their course retrace,
Receding from their snowy strand.

For much she feared her noble sire,
Would frown, averse, on ARMYN's love ;
Bid her to EDWARD's hand, aspire,
The humble Minstrel far above.
And ARMYN ! oh, what words can tell,
Th' emotions which his bosom swell ?
He dare not stay to bid adieu,
For honour's path would he pursue ;
He feared her tears might yet prevail,
And fled afar, from Ennerdale.
The youth was sought around, in vain,
Nor in the hall, nor on the plain,
Could they, of ARMYN, tidings gain.

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IX.

Time rolled away ;—no ARMYN came :
Suppense distracts the sighing dame ;
On her fair cheek the roses fade,
And new-born griefs her heart invade.
Lord EDENMERE the cause well knew,
Which blanched his beauteous daughter's cheek ;
Yet time, he trusted, would subdue,
The grief that preyed upon her heart.
Heal disappointment's rankling smart,
And cease, with sorrow's dew, to steep
Her tearful eyes, whose sunny beam,
Thro' watry mists was seen to gleam.

.X.

“ Oh ! why my loved, my angel girl,
Thus yield thy youth to sad despair ;
Let hope, her banner now unfurl,
For happiness thy heart prepare.”
So, would the sire have soothed the maid,
But sobbed she still in anguish wild ;
Fast from her eyes the tear’s-drops strayed :
To EDENMERE then knelt his child.
“ My sire, oh ! grant this only boon,
Nor let my prayers in vain assail,
Since grief obscures my life’s bright noon,
Let me assume the peaceful veil.

Accordant with the cloister's shade,
Is now my soul's habitual gloom ;
Love's hopeless pangs my breast invade,
And blast my youth's primeval bloom."

XI.

" Arise, my child !" her father cried,
It grieves me to thy suit deny ;
But thou, my hope, my joy, my pride,
Must cease to heave the anguished sigh.
The Minstrel knows thou'rt placed as far
'Bove him, as stars in realms of air ;
Think not thy loss, his bliss will mar,
He now will woo some lowlier fair."

“ Oh! say my love is pris’ner ta’en,
Say that he’s gone beyond the sea;
Or tell me that my ARMYN’s slain,
But say not, he is false to me!”
Thus, the love-lorn maiden, cried:
The angry sire, to her replied:—
“ And would’st thou, for a niding base,
Thy name, thy rank, thy sire disgrace?
Vainly, I hoped, that Ennerdale,
My child’s return, would gladly hail;
Vainly, I hoped, from thee to prove,
Each sweet devoir of filial love.”

XII.

He paused.—The warden's warning rang,
And, from his foaming courser, sprang
A knight, whose form, and winning smile,
Proclaimed the Lord of Albion's Isle.
Surprised, the Earl his Monarch hailed,
Whom wonder, love, and joy, assailed.
He thought not, that he there should find,
The loveliest of the female kind;
He, EDENMERE, with joy, embraced,
Who, his emotion, gladly traced.

“ Thanks, powers divine!” then EDWARD cries,

“ Thou, lovely fair, art found again ;

Oh ! view me not with scornful eyes,

Reject me not, with cold disdain.

Since first I viewed thy modest grace,

Since first I heard thy tuneful voice,

Coldly, I’ve seen each beauteous face,

No other could my heart rejoice ;

’Tis thou, must share thy monarch’s throne,

With thee, can he be blest, alone.”

Then EDENMERE, with pride elate,

Promptly decides his daughter’s fate.

“ Thou lov’st this maiden, gallant youth,

She shall reward thy noble truth ;

Accept then, from her father's hand,
The pride and boast of Cumberland.

XIII.

As EDWARD, lost in pleased amaze,
Could only on the fair one gaze ;
The raptures o'er his soul that stray,
His senses seem to take away.
While ISADORE'S distracted mind,
No pleasure in his love could find :
Her father, with delight, unfeigned,
The maiden's history explained.
“ And now, my liege,” said EDENMERE,
“ What brings thy royal presence here ?”

The King replied : “ My faithful friend,
Thou, to thy monarch, aid must lend ;
MARGARET again, has war declared,
T’ oppose her, we must be prepared.
And next to WARWICK, stands the name
Of EDENMERE, in lists of fame :
Come then, brave chief ! we’ll prove how vain
The dame’s proud boast ; for, on the plain,
Her choicest troops shall quickly die,
Or, like the deer, before us fly !”
When, EDENMERE, the hero, hears,
With stately pride, his head he rears ;
With ardor sparkling in his eye,
He cried, “ We’ll conquer, or we’ll die !”

His zeal, within young EDWARD's breast,
Kindled ambition's highest zest ;
Ambition's glowing fire o'ercame,
One moment, love's benignant flame.
“ Brave chief!” he said, “ to glory lead,
I'll boldly dare each valiant deed.”

XIV.

While, within these stately towers,
Of war and love, the adverse powers,
In turn, reigned o'er the monarch's mind,
By glory fired, to love inclined :—
To Raby's walls, MONTORRAN hies,
Each danger, for his love, defies ;

But all his efforts are in vain,
For entrance there, he cannot gain.
Night falls around, a dwelling nigh
Invites approach ; with mournful sigh,
From Raby's towers he turns away,
And seeks the tenement of clay.
An aged man unclosed the door,
Who, tho' he owned that dwelling poor,
A better destiny had known,
And once, in camps and halls had shone.
His reverend locks were silver grey,
His eyes sent forth a piercing ray ;
He gazed awhile upon his guest,
And then, to him, his speech address.

“ ’Tis said, that in each stranger’s guise,

Lurk danger, treason, plots and woe ;

Above suspicion, I’ll arise,

And frankly, my best fare, bestow.

Yes, weary wanderer, enter here,

To rest, thy aching limbs, compose ;

Freely partake my homely cheer,

’Till, in the east, the morning glows.”

MONTORRAN thanked his hoary host,

And glanced upon his time-bowed form ;

Remembrance rushed unto her post,

And thrilled his heart, with feeling warm.”

“MANFRED!” his quivering lip, exclaimed:

Then lowly knelt the aged man,

And speechless extacy proclaimed,

Th’ emotions thro’ his breast that ran.

“Rise, oh, rise! my ancient friend,

To me, the knee thou must not bend;

But of my son, some tidings give,

Oh! tell me, MANFRED, does he live?”

XVI.

“Alas! dear lord, my dismal tale,

Will make thy check, with horror, pale.

Doubtless, thou bear’st remembrance true,

Of the sad night, I ever rue;

When thou, with all a father's care,
Bade me to guard thy infant heir.
As, by the Durance' fatal shore,
The safest path, I sought t'explore,
Dun night her curtains closed around,
And I was wrapt in shades profound.
When, suddenly, against my breast,
A dagger's glittering point, was prest;
Vain was resistance,—valor nought;
For my loved charge, I desperate fought;
From my enfeebled grasp, they rend
The child, I would in vain defend.
I groaned with pain, and death's dark sleep,
In mist, my senses, seemed to steep:

The breezes, o'er my face, that blow,
Again renew my blood's warm flow ;
Yet, too exhausted to proceed,
Soon death, I thought, must end my need.
But, heaven-directed, soon there came,
To give relief, an ancient dame ;
Not distant, far, her little cot ;
I slowly reached the friendly spot :
Nor had I long, her kindness won,
When home, there came. her youthful son.
“ Mother,” he said, “ some murd'rous hand,
Has stained with blood, the Durance' strand,”
“ Hush, DENYS, hush !” the mother said,
“ I found this stranger all but dead ;

Let him, in sleep, forget his woes,
Thy voice, perhaps, will check repose.”
Softly the youth, the dame addrest;
“ Look, in the foldings of my vest,
Oh! mother dear, this infant see,
Thou must, to him, a parent be:
This babe it was my lot to save,
Or he had found a watery grave.”
The babe I viewed ;—oh, bliss! oh, joy!
It was the loved, the precious boy;
And soon they gave, to my embrace,
The heir of high MONTORRAN’S race.
Soon as their kind and friendly zeal,
Had power, my anguished wounds to heal,

With them I left the darling child ;
And then, while hope, my cares beguiled,
In town, in hamlet, and on plain,
Of thee, I tidings sought to gain.
But even rumour's voice was still,
Nought could I learn ; and fearing ill,
To Albion's shore I quickly came :
Strange was the tale then told by fame.
Report declared thou wert no more ;
Murdered by Sorgue's ill-fated shore,
Thy corpse was found ; and Glenmore's chief,
Had made thy widow's mourning brief :
For won, at length, thy beauteous dame,
Had crowned with love his constant flame.

Somewhat was said of Lady JANE,
Yet nought distinctly could I gain;
Of CLIFFORD's sister, proud and fair,
Would none, their real thoughts declare.

XVII.

In hopes once more, thy dame to view,
For I believed she loved thee true,
I vowed to seek her lord's domain;
Resolved some artful tale to feign,
By which, to gain admittance there,
And see, once more, the injured fair.
As, wearied on the turf, I laid,
Reclined beneath an oak's broad shade,

The sacred banks of Dee, beside :
That holy Dee, whose flowing tide,
The Druid rites beholds no more,
Yet viewed I still, with awe, the shore,
Where rude Religion held her throne,
'Ere Christianity was known.
There then, involved in thought, I lay,
'Till sunk, the golden orb of day ;
When plaintive sounds of infant woe,
Rushed on my ear ; I marked a foe ;
Their trembling light the moon-beams flung,
As o'er the Dee's deep wave he hung ;
Intent to plunge, into the stream,
An infant girl, whose fearful scream

Waked every nerve to pity, true,
To save the child, my sword I drew;
“Dastard!” I cried, “thy crime forbear,
Consign thy victim to my care,
Or thou, this faithful blade, shalt rue.”—
The ruffian to the combat flew,
With menace fierce, and brutal pride.
I wounded him;—but, ’ere he died,
Demanded, what could him impel,
To act so dire, to crime so fell.
“Gold!” he replied; “but would’st thou know,
The dark contriver of this woe,
The towers of high Rock-Cader seek,
And there, thy fullest vengeance, wreak.

The heiress that, of"—but in vain,
He tried sufficient strength to gain,
The rest to speak; his struggling breath
Then left the wretch a prey to death.
Now onward, I pursued my way,
Within my arms the infant lay;
Short rest I took, then passing near
The forest wild, of Delamere,
And crossing streams and moorlands o'er,
I reached the castle of Glenmore.
Within some ruins, near the pile,
I meant to lie concealed, awhile;
When, lo! before my awe-struck eyes,
A form ærial, seemed to rise.

So fine, so fragile, it would seem,
Like the creation of a dream;
Sable its robe, its yellow hair
Flowed o'er a neck surpassing fair,
Or streaming, gilt the dusky air.
Descended fast, the beating rain,
Yet, wildly, thus she raised the strain.

}

The Lady's Song.

“ Beloved of my heart, my husband, my lover,
Since thou art no more !

The tomb, is alone, of my wishes, the goal ;
Oh ! how, when my journey thro' this life is o'er,
When my woes sink to rest, and the death-pang is over,
Will my spirit spring forth to unite with thy soul !

Yes, loud the storm rages, and torrents fast pouring,
Robed in horror's proud pomp, terrific appear ;
Yet, fearless, I heed not the thunder's loud roaring,
For the demons of death now bring up the rear.
Then adieu to the world, adieu to Glenmore ;
Ye blasts howl my dirge, as wildly ye roar ;
Ye thunders proclaim, as ye dreadfully roll,
That GERTRUDE, from woe, sought refuge in death,
That GLENMORE she cursed with her last dying breath,
Then fled to unite with her MONTORRAN'S soul."

XVIII.

Then rushing toward the Derwent's tide,
In death, her griefs she sought to hide ;

For, ah! the storms of fate, unkind,
Had wrecked her peace, and dimmed her mind.
In haste, her flowing robe, I caught,
The sudden act, her reason brought;
But night obscure, and mask of steel,
My features, from her view, conceal.
I led her from the Derwent's strand,
'Till gained we Glenmore's entrance grand;
Then whispering said, "oh, lady! live,
This infant, to thy care, I give."
She seemed aroused, as from a trance,
And clasped the child with softened glance;
Her robe I kissed, and from her sight,
Sped far away, with hasty flight:

For much I feared to tell my tale,
Since then, it could not aught avail.
To France, I now returned, with woe;—
To trust thine heir near murd'rous foe
Were rash indeed ; or, to her breast,
The hapless dame her babe had prest.

XIX.

Pursuit I ceased, and with the child,
'Midst Cambria's mountains, high and wild;
Strove to forget the dreadful past,
And guarded, of thy line, the last.
Bold as the scenes, around him, spread,
Each dangerous path, the boy would tread;

With daring bound; and agile leap,
Would climb Trecarris' rugged steep;
And sparkled bright, his laughing eyes,
If MANFRED praised the enterprize.
And not a scene, sublime and grand,
From Vann's high mount, to Cleddau's strand,
Or proud Plinlimmon's lofty brow,
To where the Taffie's swift waters flow,
Was, to thy gallant son, unknown.
Not to one spot confined alone;—
We roamed thro' vales with beauty fraught,
Or, on the breezy mountain caught
The martial air, the strain divine,
The spirit of the Cambro line.

For not great EDWARD'S conquering powers,
Could chase, from those, their native bowers,
The minstrel's song, the minstrel's spell :
Borne on the gale their accents swell ;
Still sounds the harp, on mountains high,
And vocal vales the notes reply.
Young REGINALD their lays inspire,
With all ambition's glowing fire,
When the bold harp's inspiring strain,
Sung of high feat on battle plain.
I taught the youth, with skilful hand,
To poise the spear, and wield the brand ;
With nervous arm the dart to throw,
And twang the arrow from the bow.

His graceful form, and noble air,
Soon won the heart of many a fair;
But not to peace nor love inclined,
'Twas glory, filled his ardent mind:
And maiden's hearts, so easy won,
Were unregarded by thy son.

XX.

I feared the secret to disclose,
Of thy sad end, and GERTRUDE'S woes;
Once from my lips, incautious broke,
Words, that his latent pride awoke.
“ Alas ! ” I cried, “ so brave a soul,
Ill fortune's power should nought controul ;

Yet time, I trust, will thee restore,
To lands "——I paused, and said no more,
But, oh! enough my words impart,
To rouse th' ambition of his heart;
By him implored, I then revealed
Somewhat;—but many things concealed:
I feared that his impetuous youth,
Might prompt him to divulge the truth.
To know the whole, had caused him woe;
But I disclosed his deadly foe,
And bade him GLENMORE'S power to shun:—
The likeness had betrayed thy son.
When in this isle the war-horn's tone,
Made hills resound and vallies groan,

Nought could the noble youth restrain ;
He flew to the embattled plain,
And joined the YORKISTS at Blore-heath,
Nor would he more his weapon sheath :
All bold and brave, his martial fire,
Proclaimed him worthy of his sire.
Then to Northampton's field he hied,
I viewed him with a parent's pride ;
But from that dread and bloody day,
I've been, to sad suspense, a prey :
For when the work of death was o'er,
I viewed the gallant youth no more !”

XXI.

MONTORRAN'S heart, that lately glowed,
And, with paternal pride, o'erflowed,
Now felt the chilling pang of woe;
Nor rose a sigh, nor tear would flow,
'Twas feeling past faint sorrow's show.

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The sire, in grief's dumb trance remained;
In MANFRED'S mind mixed feelings reigned;
Yet, still amidst the gloom of care,
Hope seemed to triumph o'er despair.
Not long their thoughts could they pursue;
For, 'ere the day's bright lord anew
Illumed the cot, and gilt the main,
Chargers, trampling o'er the plain,

Bearing many a gallant wight,
Broke the deep stillness of the night.
“ Oh! hear, my lord!” then MANFRED cried,
“ Perhaps, to battle, now they ride,
Intent on many a bloody deed;
'Tis sure the tramp of battle-steed:—
Another troop! I will demand,
What warfare, now, must vex the land:”
He said;—and, of the soldier train,
He asked, “ why thus in arms again?
Whither go ye, comrades brave?”
Their chieftain then, this answer, gave:
“ MARGARET leads her bands, from far,
King EDWARD sounds the blast of war;

And three days hence, 'ere sets the sun,
Will many a deathful deed be done."

XXII.

The chieftain past ; and MANFRED said,
" Again, my lord, upon thine head,
Let the plume wave, the helmet shine ;—
Oh ! sink not thou, in grief, supine :
Arm thee with sword, and shield, and lance,
And daunt the foe-men with thy glance."
" Ah, MANFRED ! still 'tis thine to feel
The warrior's fire, the soldier's zeal ;
But, think'st thou, friend, my heart can know,
The gallant warmth, the hero's glow ;

Which, 'ere misfortune stamped my day,
My early youth would oft display?
Yet will I, for young EDWARD's sake,
Again, the path of glory, take;
From this, my happiness may rise,
And peace, and GERTRUDE, be my prize!"
Such, was MONTORRAN's prompt reply;
And soon, they to the battle, hie.

XXIII.

Oh, days of old! how is thy dark career,
Imprinted deep, in characters of gore;
When civil Discord reared his bloody spear,
Domestic virtues, died upon our shore.

Sweet Albion! daughter of the foaming main—
 Fairest of isles! the happy, and the great!
Not then, there shone the fair and brilliant train,
 That now, adorn thy all-resplendent state.
Where rich abundance now is seen
 To smile on fields, and pasture green;
In days of old, grim want would reign,
Nor plenty, there to dwell, would deign.
On mountain-brow, in woodland dell,
No voice was heard, no footstep fell;
Where now the cheerful maidens sing,
Where village peals oft tuneful ring,
For joyful news, or nuptial tic,
No sounds were heard of revelry.

The wife's deep groan, the daughter's tear,
Then met the eye, and shocked the ear.
But now, far different is the scene ;
Now fair contentment smiles serene ;
And joy may be the lot of all,
In humble cot, or splendid hall.

XXIV.

Now, circling round Britannia's throne,
Or wide diffused throughout the land,
The graceful arts, to us, are known,
And heaven-born virtues join the band.

Where rolls the ocean's furthest tide,
Our vessels proud, majestic sweep,
With commerce fraught; or conquering glide,
Our famed armadas o'er the deep.
Cold is that heart, that reason, blind,
Which does not own, and warmly feel,
A pleasure, ardent and refined,
In England's glory, England's weal.

XXV.

Oh! ye, who patriot zeal assume,
And kindly, would our minds, illumine,
With generous ardor, strive to shew,
That England sinks in deepest woe;

The dismal labour leave awhile,
To mark the glory of our isle :
Throughout the globe, say, can ye see,
One land so powerful, and so free?
Oh, land beloved ! should it be mine,
The blooming wreath of fame to twine
Around my brow ; my boast shall be,
Life, honor, fame, I owe to thee !



CANTO SIXTH.

I.

Now, Muse, awake ! attune the lyre,
To sing of deeds of deathless note ;
And, loudly echoed from the wire,
Let the proud tale of glory, float.
Flows now the Aire with limpid wave ?
Does silver Wharf' his borders lave

With peaceful current? Hail the day,
Fair Albion! when a GEORGE'S sway,
In safety, guards each fertile plain,
And bids content and concord reign.
For once, those rivers' banks, beside,
The battle raged with fiercest pride;
When EDWARD, to th' affrighted north,
His valiant troops, to war, led forth:
Resolved, Queen MARGARET'S powers to brave,
And conquering live, or find a glorious grave.

II.

Mark, where, upon the Aire's hoar strand,
The Lord FITZ-WALTER takes his stand;

The pass he gains, nor thinks the foe,
Will aim, so soon, his deathful blow.
But CLIFFORD then, with furious force,
Against the warrior takes his course ;
Like lightning, rushes to th' attack,
And drives FITZ-WALTER's followers back :
Their chief himself, alas ! is slain,
And lies, a corse, upon the plain.
When WARWICK's ears the tidings meet,
The blood forsakes the chieftain's cheek ;
He stabs his horse, salutes his sword,
And swears he would defend his lord :
Tho' he, to YORK, were true, alone,
And every aid were distant flown.

But EDWARD, all courageous, hears,
What fills great WARWICK's breast with fears;
The youthful Monarch dauntless cried,
" Ye warriors, to my cause, allied!
Those may depart who fear to stay,
And share the glory of the day :
Those who are brave, rewards await,
But dire will prove the coward's fate,
Who, during battle, falsely flies ;—
If ta'en, the dastard surely dies !"
Then FAUCONBRIDGE, with sword and lance,
And secret haste, he bade advance ;
And, on the frozen banks of Aire,
The loss they had sustained, repair :

The post he gained, the pass he won,
So, from the cloud, emerged the sun.
Then to the vengeful CLIFFORD's heart,
Was urged, by fate, an iron dart ;
By death, the bloody chief was seized,
And RUTLAND's manes were appeased.

III.

Soon, Tawton, doth thy blood-stained plain,
Groan with heaps of patriots slain ;
Foes, on foes, impetuous dashing,
Glittering arms like lightning flashing ;
Shining casques, cuirasses beaming,
Faulchions waving, lances gleaming,

Shed around, reflected day,

And gild the horrors of the fray.

What form is that, whose high-born grace,

Her polished armour cannot hide?

Oh! who is that, whose beauteous face,

Is marked with care, and stamped with pride?

These traits will surely bring to view,

The haughty MARGARET of Anjou.

Oh! how her bright and piercing eye,

Th' opposer views, with dauntless scorn;

WARWICK she dares in arms defy,

And gladly hails the fateful morn.

Yet, ah! that morn thoult dearly rue,

Oh! haughty heroine of Anjou!

IV.

As once, we read, on Illium's sacred plain,
In pomp of power, the Queen of battles stood ;
With her own hand increased the heaps of slain,
And, of Troy's chieftains, spilt the bravest blood.
So ANJOU'S Princess in the fight appears,
No host she dreads, no hero's arm she fears ;
Like PALLAS' self, great MARGARET seems to stand,
The faulchion waving in her lifted hand :
And, o'er her brow, with snowy feathers graced,
The beamy helm in shining pomp was placed.
" On, my brave troops !" with thrilling voice she cries,
While fiery ardor darted from her eyes ;

“ Let the Red Rose, once more triumphant hail,
The final downfall of its rival, pale.

Let LANCASTER’s deep wrongs your zeal inspire,
Inflame your force, and kindle all your fire !
For MARGARET leads you ;—in whose daring breast
No coward dread, with hope and valor rest.”

Her shouting host, her high behest obey,
And boldly mingle in the deathful fray.

V.

See WARWICK moves, his armour beaming far,
The great in arms, the terrible in war :
Majestic, as of old, stern AJAX trod,
When in the field, he spoke and looked a god.

“ Rush to the fight !” his voice Stentorian cries,
“ The goal is glory ;—victory, the prize.
Think, how of old, your gallant sires have fought,
Shall Poictiers, Crecy, Azincourt be nought?
Shew to the world, upon this glorious day,
That still their feelings in your pulses play.”
So WARWICK spoke, and flashed on high his sword:
With ardent zeal his troops obey their lord.

VI.


By EDWARD’S youthful graces won,
Whole thousands to his standard run ;
Where’er he turns his radiant eye,
It lights the flame of loyalty.

The Monarch's captivating smile,
Could thousands, from his foe, beguile ;
His graceful form, his armour cased,
Around him was the corslet laced :
His cuisses, greaves, and shield were gold,
While pearls embossed the baldrie's fold ;
His helm reflects a dazzling ray,
And blazing glories round him play.
" And let the Rose of York," he cried,
" Now reared aloft, in snowy pride,
With crimson blush, 'ere long be dyed ;
The blush of conquest let it be :—
Now fight for YORK, and Victory !"
Then met two armies, face to face,
But, ah ! not sprung from hostile race ;

Sons of this isle! their native land,
Composed each death-bestowing band.
In favor of their kindred rose,
Then fall the fast descending snows;
And, guided by the driving wind,
The troops of LANCASTER they blind.
More fatal prove the darts of air,
Than those, which, in their hands, they bear.

VII.

From rank to rank, young EDWARD flies,
And animates his brave allies :
When, unsuspecting of the blow,
Prone, on the ground, he lies full low,
The victim of a treacherous foe.



But, lo ! a brave and gallant knight,
Him, rescues, from his dangerous plight;
With dext'rous speed, wheels lightly round,
And fells th' assassin to the ground;
Then spurs his charger o'er the field,
While foes and friends, a passage field :
Where thickest bursts the battle's ire,
Where roars the cannon's thundering sound;
The stranger knight with valiant fire,
Still foremost in the fight is found.
Stately his form, elate his air,
Scarce EDWARD, could with him compare ;
Where'er his glittering armour gleams,
A lion salient, he seems.

For, where he turns his mail-clad breast,
Still conquest nods upon his crest ;
And, floating on his snowy plume,
Bids York, the victory, assume.
Within his shield's refulgent bound,
The golden Cross, his badge, was found ;
While, round the rim, the paler rose,
In silver radiance, mildly glows :
And, mounted on his fiery horse,
Who matched the Champion of the Cross ?

VIII.

A knight, upon his sable steed,
Dealt around his deathful sword;
Where'er his prancing charger trod,
His was many a valiant deed;
His weapon many a hero gored,
And victory waited on his nod.
This knight, a plain escutcheon, wore,
No crest it claimed, no arms it bore;
This motto, simply met the sight;
“ For the White Rose, and my own right.”

IX.

Now, on the plain, the rage of battle storms,
Slaughter and horror, wade thro' seas of blood;
Death, in his car drives o'er the sinking forms,
And grimly swells the sanguinary flood.
Yes! widely o'er th' embattled field,
See Death, his sable banner wave;
Bathe, in blood, his dusky shield,
And, in gore, his coursers lave.
For, oh! in warfare fierce contending,
Smoke, and fire, and carnage, blending,
Opposing kindred rush to war:
Each rose-crowned banner, proudly reared,
With blood, of sire and son, is smeared;
Oh! dire reverse of nature's law!

X.

But when did Britain own a son,
Who courted not the meed of fame,
Nor proudly met his boldest foe?
Yet within his dauntless breast,
Fair mercy would for ever rest,
And pity's warmest feelings glow;
Thus did he brighter laurels claim,
Thus deathless wreaths of glory won.
Yes, when in his proudest might,
He raging rushed into the fight,

And crushed opposing power ;
No torture wrung the hostile nerve,
No torment slowly drank the blood ;
Each soldier would his leader serve,
But spilt, at once, the purple flood,
And rancor was no more.

XI.

And if, when in that elder day,
'Ere courtesy here lent her smile,
Or, bent unto her gentle sway,
The children of our isle ;

'Ere art, within fair Albion's shore,
Diffused each love-inspiring grace;
When nought, but old monastic lore,
Could boast, the stores of time, to trace:
And all within the human mind,
Unpolished was;—uncleaned, and blind:—
If then, I say, such generals led—
Such soldiers, in the battle bled;
How must the warriors of this age,
Emblaze the grand historic page?
How shine the deeds, of glory, done,
By brave, immortal, WELLINGTON?

XII.

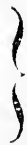
'Tis true, the blood will proudly flow,
To mark the race her sires have run;
The Briton's heart must warmly glow,
At feats, by EDWARDS, HENRYS, won:
But now, what ardor fills the heart,
Impetuous rolls its purple tide,
When we, those fame-crowned deeds impart,
That swell the soul with patriot pride.
Fame, to each future age shall tell,
And, on the theme, with transport, dwell;
How Britons, ardent, bold, and free,
Fought in the cause of LIBERTY!

XIII.

Oppression roused each soul to ire,
And fanned, of war, the raging fire.
Not their own wrongs ;—for England's boast,
Now, in this free and happy day,
Is, that, upon her sea-girt coast,
Freedom reflects her brightest ray.
To sing the glories of our land,
To sound the virtues of our King,
Demands, that an immortal hand,
Should sweep a heavenly-breathing string!

XIV.

To rescue, from a tyrant's yoke,
An adverse power, we dealt the blow;
The bars of hatred, virtue broke,
Forgetting Spain was once our foe.
And, to the verge of latest time,
'T will ring thro' famed Iberia's clime,
How Talavera saw the foe,
Thro' British arms, in dust, laid low;
How, Badajoz, upon thy plain,
France saw her boasting myriads slain.
How Salamanca's airy height,
Saw WELLINGTON, with matchless might,
A brighter torch of glory light:



For ever will thy peerless name,
Be hailed with joy, be crowned with fame;
And ever blest thy conquering sword,
Rodrigo's Duke! and Douro's Lord!

XV.

My soul, amidst this radiant blaze,
Forgets the deeds of former days;
And, with reluctance, quits the theme,
To trace, of time, the distant stream.
From misty dawn, to twilight pale,
The deeds of blood, and death prevail;
Victorious, 'mid the combat glare,
The ragged staff, and shaggy bear.

Lo! MARGARET'S routed squadrons flee,
The shout is "York and Victory!"
Tho' vanished now, the light of day,
And Luna's beams their aid delay,
The orb of EDWARD shines on high,
And lights his foe-men as they fly:
The warm pursuit he gives not o'er,
'Till faints the foe, on Wharf's red shore.
Then, flowing Wharf, thy beauteous flood,
Distilled, for England, tears of blood;
A thousand warriors swell thy wave,
The hero's tomb, the soldier's grave.

XVI.

Hushed is the horrid noise of war,
The war horn's blast resounds no more;
The deeds of death, at length are o'er;
The bloody slaughter Towton saw!
The day that saw thee boldly rise,
With hope, inflated on thy crest,
At eve beholds thy downcast eyes,
Thy saddened heart, thy soul deprest,
Oh, MARGARET of Anjou!
No more thou art a potent Queen,
Commanding an undaunted band;
Disarray, on every face, is seen,
Thyself must fly to Scotia's land,
Kind pity's aid to woo.

XVII.

What streams of woe were shed the while,
For the lost heroes of the isle !
How many youths, in early bloom,
Bravely met a soldier's doo !
How many knights of riper age,
Were blotted from the living page !
Then Albion's daughters shed the tear,
O'er each chieftain's honored bier ;
Each wept a son, or father, slain.
Each spouse beloved was mourned in vain :
And weeping maids, with sighs deplore,
The lovers they behold no more.

XVIII.

Within his tent, the Monarch lies ;
No sleep invades his watchful eyes ;
He pondered much upon the past,
But chiefly on that day, when last,
He bade to ISADORE adieu ;
The fair one whom he loved, so true.
He thought that, in her azure eye,
He saw a covert pleasure lie,
When last he whispered, love, good bye. }
His heart then beat for her alone,
But she no love for him would own :
What wretchedness it is to feel,
Deep, fond concern for others weal ;

To feel their bliss alone impart,
Joy, to the trembling anxious heart;
Or every grief they're doomed to bear,
Wake sorrow's wildest, saddest, care :
So EDWARD'S felt ;—to love so fond,
The maiden's heart did not respond.
And misery 'tis when thus we glow,
At the loved object's weal or woe,
No answering traits of love to know.

}

XIX.

As thus, he mused on ISADORE,
A stranger stood, his eyes, before ;

Tall was the form, and slim, and light,
Its veil and flowing robe were white ;
So soft, so light, its grateful tread,
It seemed some form, of ether bred.

A band was o'er the forehead bound,

A veil impervious, hid the face ;

And mystery spread this shape around,

A strange and awe-creating grace :

It seemed to stand, amidst the gloom,

As yielded from the yawning tomb.

“ Who art thou ? ” half o’ercome with fear,

Then EDWARD cries, “ Whence art thou here ? ”

A voice that thrilled thro’ every vein,

Him answered, in this frenzied strain :

“ Who am I?—caitiff! thou shalt know;
In blood, I’ll write,—thy deadliest foe!
Whence, am I?—from Rock-Cader’s towers;
I came to mix with hostile powers.
And, but an interposing hand,
Bereft of power, my lifted brand,
Those eyes, whose all subduing glance,
Could once, my very soul, entrance,
Had ceased, their orbs around, to move,
Nor waked another soul to love:
Nor shall they now! for ISADORE,
Ingrate! thou shalt behold no more.
A dagger, which her robe concealed,
She, to his startled eye, revealed:

“ What, ho !” then EDWARD loudly cries,
“ Assistance ! or your Monarch dies !”

XX.

A warrior rushed into the tent ;
A piercing shriek, the lady sent ;
On him, she fixed her glaring eye,
Then heaved a deep, convulsive sigh.
“ Spectre, avaunt ! oh, hide that brow !
Comest thou, to blast my dying hour ?
Did fiends record the guilty vow,
That bound thee in my vengeful power ?
Thy life to misery I gave :
Thou com'st to guide me to the grave.

To love despised, will hate succeed,
And hate inspires the daring deed.
I loved thee once, my love was scorned,
And long thou did'st my fury rue :
Of EDWARD, whom each grace adorned,
My melting mind, enamoured grew ;
He, too, contemns my ardent love ;—
By friends, below ! by saints, above !
He shall, my jealous rancor feel,
And thus, my ireful blow I deal.”

XXI.

With force, the gallant warrior strove,
T’ avert the ire of jealous love.

“ And dost thou live !” the lady cried,
“ But long, thou’lt not my power deride.”
With madness, then, she from him burst,
At EDWARD, aimed a deadly thrust ;
But her own blood, her veil, distains ;
It rushes from her azure veins,
A wound unclosed, her temples bore,
And from it flowed the purple gore.
That wound, the noble champion gave,
Who EDWARD snatched, with action brave,
From his fierce foe, and from the grave. }
She sinks to earth ;—her form they raise ;
How faded then, her beauty’s blaze !

Pale was her cheek, whose roseate hue,
The brightest bloom of beauty knew ;
And wan those lips, whose winning smile,
Was versed in many a witching wile.
Her eyes, no more, can dart their ray,
Or, in their brilliant splendor gay,
Seek to enslave th' unwary soul :
In death, they darkly, dimly, roll :
And her fair form, of beauteous mould,
In death's embrace, as ice, is cold.
Yet e'en in death, to pride resigned,
Their prompt assistance, she declined ;
Her tottering frame, she feebly raised,
Alternate, on them both, she gazed :

Triumph, one moment, fired her eye,
She cried, "your power, I now defy!"
The bandage, from her temples, tore,
And breathless fell, to rise no more.

XXII.

Awhile, aghast the warriors staid;
Then, on the couch, the corse they laid;
And, rushing from the scene of death,
Scarce could they draw their fluttering breath.
With horror written on each eye,
To WARWICK's neighbouring tent they hie;
As, of his sleep, they break the bands,
He, starting from his rest, demands,

While anxious doubts, his mind o'ershad,
Whence, the strange-timed visit paid :
“ Why art thou here, my youthful liege ?
Say, does the foe our camp besiege ? ”
“ No, chieftain brave,” the king replied,
“ No foe is here in martial pride.”
The horrid tale he quickly told,
And, thanking his preserver bold ;
“ Yet, but for this, our gallant friend,
My life had now been at an end ; ”
Said EDWARD.—WARWICK, all amazed,
Upon the noble hero gazed,
His former friend, he gladly owned,
MONTORRAN'S wrongs were soon atoned ;

EDWARD his wide domain restored,
And highest honors on him poured.

XXIII.

Soon as the direful fray was done,
And EDWARD, had the battle, won,
Dispatched he quick, to Raby's towers,
Lord EDENMERE, with special powers,
To free the dames,—who, there confined,
To pining grief, their days resigned.
The White Rose waves in triumph high,
Wide open, now, the portals fly ;
Each strange reverse, had CICELY known,
Once, wife of him, who claimed the throne ;

Then, pris'ner kept, within that place,
Where erst, had swayed her noble race.
Once more, misfortune's power is flown,
Her son does England's sceptre own;
Reversed, is now, her gloomy state,
For pomp and splendor on her wait;
A gallant train, in courtly pride,
Superbly dight, attend her side.

XXIV.

They bend their way to Ennerdale,
But GERTRUDE still, deep griefs assail;
These, will friends and kindred meet,
But none, will wretched GERTRUDE, greet;—

She sadly thought: for mortal eye,
The future prospect cannot 'spy.
Before the mourner's tearful eyes,
The towers of ENNERDALE arise;

XXV.

Then, deeply sighed the noble dame,
Her feelings, then, no words can name.
For there it was, in early youth,
 She first, the loved MONTORRAN, viewed;
There, first, his vows of love and truth,
 Her ear, with fond delight, imbued.
Then, in her beauty's blooming prime,
 Nor cares, nor griefs had wrung her heart,
 Nor chilled her ardent soul;

She knew not, in the lapse of time,
What grief should pierce with venom'd dart,
What sorrows round her roll.

XXVI.

While he she loved, enraptured hung,
On the soft accents of her tongue ;
While he she loved, her love returned,
And none so fair as her discerned ;
Could thought of sorrow e'er invade,
'The mind of the then happy maid ?
But since, of grief, most dire and dark,
Had hapless GERTRUDE been the mark ;
And, with the contrast sad, oppress,
'The throes of misery heaved her breast.

XXVII.

But now, see, by the portal stand,
The youthful monarch of the land;
With duteous grace he bends the knee,
And hails the noble CICELY.
The lordly host, then near her drew,
And gave the princess welcome, due;
Then, lovely ISADORE, the last,
But she, the Duchess heedless past:
To GERTRUDE'S arms, with transport flew,
While joyful tears her cheeks bedew.
Then graceful turning to the dame,
“Forgive,” she said, “this earlier claim;

But when I owned no other friend,
This lady did her pity lend,
Protecting with her kindest aid,
A hapless, undefended maid.”
“ Sweet girl,” then CICELY replied,
“ To hail thee daughter, is my pride ;
I read a tale, in EDWARD’S eyes,
That many a pleasing hope supplies :
Allied, fair girl, to love, and thee,
He must, forever, virtuous be.”
The Duchess spake, a doubtful sigh,
Was all the lovely maid’s reply.

XXVIII.

GERTRUDE, with pensive, saddened gaze,
Seemed, for awhile, entranced, to stand;
She marked, where, in her early days,
MONTORRAN first, obtained her hand,
And trod, with her, the dances maze.
Advancing, from a pillar's shade,
A noble form, now homage paid;
His dark eye ever sent its ray,
Where GERTRUDE seemed, spell-bound, to stay:
Her eyes she raised, and dyed away.
The knight with anxious, fond alarm,
Supports her with his circling arm;

Awaking from her sudden trance,

On all, she threw a searching glance.

“Oh!” she exclaimed, “what form deceived my sight?

Can seraph essence, mix with mortal clay?

Oh! did my OSWALD, from yon sphere of light,

Once more, to earth, a transient visit pay?”

“No seraph, GERTRUDE, meets thy visual ray,

No tones, immortal, greet thy ravished ear;

No argent spirit, from the realms of day,

A son of earth, MONTORRAN’S self, is here.”

XXIX.

While gratitude with wonder blends,

Around them press their joyful friends;

The love-lorn ISADORE, awhile,
Her woe forgot, and strove to smile :
So rapturous was the happy scene,
So blissful every joyous mien.
But rapture's ebbing stream subsides ;
Too soon, recede its flowing tides ;
The gulf of care, too soon we view,
Ye scenes of gay delight, adieu !
Thus, when awhile, we view the sea,
From ruffling winds and tempests free,
How pleased we mark, each silver wave
Its sandy boundary, gently lave :
But, when rude storms sweep o'er the main,
And winds assail the watry plain ;

When lightnings play around the pole,
And thund'ring terrors o'er us roll ;—
The dreadful contrast strikes the more,
Opposed to what we viewed before.
So, ceased their joy's entrancing power ;
When memory shared the passing hour,
Young REGINALD's uncertain doom,
Spread o'er their minds a dreadful gloom :
To ecstasy and rapture high,
Succeed the tear, and anguished sigh.

XXX.

Soon was prepared the bridal rite,
But ISADORE knew not delight :

She shuddered, as the bridegroom, bland,
With transport, seized her snowy hand.
Her father, with a frown, surveyed
Th' emotion of the trembling maid;
Pale as the fair, victorious Rose,
The lovely bride's complexion shews.


XXXI.

Then EDWARD whispered to the fair,
“ How well becomes thy graceful air,
How well adorns thy matchless mien,
The high estate of England's Queen;
My subjects will thy merits hail,
And joy, thro' all my land, prevail;

While, I!" he paused ;—a timid blush
Suffused her face. The transient flush
Soon fled. The altar met her sight ;
Her swimming eyes saw not the light :
A victim, to the altar, led,
Her heart, averse, with terror bled.
The priest proceeds :—one moment more,
Farewell the peace of ISADORE !
In heaven, alone, can end her care,
When ARMYN'S spirit joins her there,
When, lo ! the warden, from his tower,
Issued a blast, whose thrilling power,
The party shook : silence profound,
Surprise and wonder reigned around.

XXXII.

In armor clad, arrayed like knight,
A graceful form, burst on their sight,
With noble air, and manly grace ;
And youth shone brightly in his face :
His radiant eyes, with ardent ray,
Thro' silken shades, beamed lustrous day ;
Upon his brow's expansive line,
Firm truth, and awful honor shine :
In ebon ringlets waved his hair ;
Unhelmed, he moved with lofty air ;
Awhile, he gazed upon the fair :



Then, forward sprang, with joy's elastic bound,
While Hope's gay graces dance, his form, around.
"ARMYN!" she cried, and o'er her cheek then move,
The bloom of rapture, and the tide of love.

As MANFRED hailed the gallant boy,
MONTORRAN's bliss, or GERTRUDE's joy,
Vainly, now, would language tell;
They stood entranced, by wonder's spell:
Till MANFRED, said, "oh! noble pair,
Receive, and bless, your valiant heir!"
MONTORRAN clasped him to his breast;
His hand, fair GERTRUDE, fondly prest:—
ARMYN, no more, but REGINALD, confest!

XXXIII.

The motives now we must display,
Which urged Sir REGINALD to stray,
Where towered the turrets of GLENMORE;
And why, the Minstrel's garb, he wore.
He wished him name and birth to learn;
But MANFRED'S air and voice were stern,
If e'er he touched upon that strain:
As, him to urge, he knew were vain,
The youth resolved to ask no more;
But England's white-cliffed isle explore,
And the mysterious secret trace,
That seemed to shade his lineal race.

XXXIV.

Glenmore, he fearless sought ; but there,
All was enwrap't in gloom and care ;
Absent its lord ;—but Glenmore's maid,
Awhile, his wandering project, staid.
DE CLIFFORD's name had met his ear,
As one, whose power, he ought to fear ;
But if she were his father's foe,
His hapless son, she could not know :
Some whispered tale, or chance, might there,
Display the truth to OSWALD's heir.
He sought admission to the dame,
Asserted then his minstrel claim ;

The haughty fair retained the youth:—
Ah! little, she divined the truth!
And little thought, his melting strain,
Was drawn, by one, she deemed, was slain.

XXXV.

And often might the Minstrel 'spy,
Her quivering lip, her rolling eye;
And how her conscience seemed to bleed,
Whene'er he sang of murd'rous deed.
And marked he well, the vengeful air,
With which she viewed the much-loved fair:
When he, the stranger's story, knew,
Some hope, within his bosom, grew;

Yet much he feared those hopes were vain :
MANFRED, alone, could all explain :
And, when the maiden's rank was found,
In doubt, his fondest hopes, were drowned.

XXXVI.

NOR MANFRED, could the hero find,
Yet nought could daunt his ardent mind ;
Resolved, he then, by deeds of arms,
T' obtain the dame, whose youthful charms,
His vows, impassioned, early gained,
And, but for her, he life disdained.
And now, with glory, round him beaming,
He sought his love ;—presumptuous deeming,

While hope, within his bosom, played,
He then might claim the beauteous maid:
Might merit win a high-born fair,
Sir REGINALD need nought despair.

XXXVII.

And now, in EDWARD'S wavering mind,

Honor and love, alternate reign;

Pleased, in Sir REGINALD, to find,

His brave preserver of the plain:

He now, his gratitude could shew,

But must he ISADORE forego?—

Distraction, horror, grief, and woe!

The rites are staid;—mute, EDWARD stands:

His visage covered with his hands;

}

That his brave rival, might not 'spy,
The passions, in his speaking eye,
Which paled his cheek, and, in his breast,
With mingling pangs his heart oppress.

XXXVIII.

Honor, at length, the victory gained;
And, in his soul, the hero reigned:
Of each, he seized a willing hand;—
“Be joined,” he cried, “in sacred band.
I fondly hoped, assiduous love,
Might win that heart, all price above!
But truth's revealed, I clearly see,
Wretched, the fair, had been, with me.

'Tis thou, art loved ;—shall I divide ?
Oh, no !” he ceased awhile ; then cried,
“ Adieu ! brave youth, adieu ! loved fair ;
To view your bliss, I cannot dare.”

XXXIX.

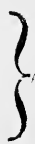
He slowly raised his saddened eyes,
They spake how vast the sacrifice ;
One lingering gaze, one last embrace,
The monarch claimed, and left the place :
And then were joined, to part no more,
Sir REGINALD, and ISADORE.
EDWARD pursued his hasty way,
To where bright Sol's refulgent ray,

On YORK's high fanes reflected gleams,
And gilds, of Ouse, the mighty streams.

XL.

The Muse will now, no more disclose,
The triumphs of each rival Rose ;
But EDWARD leaves, awhile, to wield
The sceptre of the dear bought field.
Yet, 'ere she quite resigns the theme,
Irrelevant, she cannot deem,
A heaven-descended art, to name,
Which CAXTON, raised, to endless fame :
An art, which, like a blazing star,
Its light, transcendant, beamed afar ;

And, by its all-enlight'ning ray,
Shed, o'er each mind, a new-born day.
T' atone the horrors of that age,
To gild the rude barbaric page;
Then CAXTON formed the noble plan,
Which now, from ignorance, rescues man;
Then, Printing, art divine! began.



XLI.

All, to that art, should homage give!
Without it, would their actions live?
Religion! tell thy sacred band,
'T was this, to honor, raised the land!
In vain, had LUTHER'S zealous ire,
Inflamed his line, with holy fire!

In vain, his high, superior mind,
No more, by fetters base, confined;
Had strove, a blinded world, to free,
Had not his works, diffused by thee,
Oh, heavenly art! been widely spread:
They, to this nation's glory led;—
Of Popery broke th' enthralling chain,
Which never, may we own again!

XLII.

Vainly, had fought, Jove's conquering son,
Or CÆSAR passed the Rubicon,
Or victory crowned great WELLINGTON! }
But, that this art, now stamps the page,
With annals that outlive the age;

And widely spreads, throughout the land,
Th' achievements of each gallant band.
No more to legendary lore,
Is now confined the mind's vast store ;
Science, in vain, her head had reared ;
In time's long lapse, had disappeared.

XLIII.

Vainly, might Rome, her glories boast,
And Greece, her vast Athenian host :
Possessed by few, their annals lay,
And Ignorance obscured the day.
When, lo ! thro' thee, see Learning rise,
And Science lift her languid eyes :

Arts, and the Muse, this happy clime
Have shared, since that awakening time,
HOMER, in pomp celestial, lives ;
The Mantuan bard his sweetness gives ;
DEMOSTHENES his language pours ;
And CICERO unfolds his stores ;
PLATO, philosophy bestows ;
Through PLUTARCH, emulation glows.

XLII.

For names like these, a Bard divine,
The wreath poetic, should entwine.
Those, then, I leave ;—this latter day
Boasts names, whose ornamental ray,
Excels the prowess of my lay.

POPE shines the HOMER of his age,
And DRYDEN's vies with VIRGIL's page;
While BACON, MILTON, NEWTON, stand,
A host divine, to grace the land;
With ADDISON, whose classic style,
Polished the language of our isle.
An orator, we, CHATHAM, own,
DEMOSTHENES, he far out-shone;
While PITT, the great, the wise, the good,
A CICERO, in the Senate, stood.
Long may the art CANTONIAN live!
And, to our land, due honor give;
Yes! ever let this matchless art,
Britannia's noble deeds impart;

And ever may my country's claim,
Be Glory, Honor, Virtue, Fame.
Still may it be its task, to trace,
Bright annals of the BRUNSWICK Race;
Nor e'er such direful deeds disclose,
As now, the page historic, shews,
In records of each Rival Rose.

}

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE FIFTH.

Page 22, line 7.

And would'st thou, for a NIDING base,
Thy name, thy rank, thy sire, disgrace?

On the effectual power of words, there have been great disputes, among great wits, in all ages. The Pythagoreans extolled it; the Jews ascribed all miracles to a name which was engraved in the revestuary of the Temple, watched

by two brazen dogs; and strange it is, what Samonicus Serenus, ascribed to the word Abradacciba, against agues. But there is one true English word, of as great, if not greater force than them all; now, out of all use, and will be thought, for sound, barbarous, but therefore of more efficacy (as it pleaseth Porphyrie); and, in signification it signifieth, as it seemeth, no more than abject, base-minded, false-hearted, coward, or nidget; yet it hath levied armies, and subdued rebellious enemies; and that I may hold you no longer, it is *Niding*. For when there was a dangerous rebellion against King WILLIAM RUFUS, and Rochester Castle, then the most important and strongest fort of this realm, was stoutly kept against him; after that he had but proclaimed that his subjects should repair thither, to his camp, upon no other penalty, but that whosoever refused to come, should be reputed a *Niding*, they swarmed to him immediately, from all sides, in such numbers, that he had, in a few days, an infinite army; and the rebels, therewith, were so terrified, that they forthwith yielded.—*Camden's Remains*.

Page 35, last line.

Reclined beneath an oak's broad shade,
The sacred banks of Dee beside;
That holy Dee, whose flowing tide,
The Druid rites, beholds no more;

The Dee was held in great veneration by our British ancestors, and its waters regarded as sacred and purifying. It derives its origin in the mountainous district of Merionethshire; and, after forming the lake of Pimble-Mere, passes through a series of very picturesque and grand scenes, and approaches the western border of this county, to which it forms a boundary from Worthenbury, to Aldford. It then passes on to Chester, whose fortified walls it nearly encircles, and afterwards flows to the west through an artificial channel; this river also forms a large sandy estuary, between the county of Flint and the hundred of Wirral, and joins the Irish Sea about fourteen miles from Chester.—*Beauties of England.*

The Druidæ, or Druids, were so called from Dryis, an oak, because the woods were the places of their residence. These ministers of religion, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, were divided into different classes called the Bardi, the Eubages, the Vates, the Semnothei, the Sarronides, and the Samothei. They taught the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, and believed the immortality of the soul. They were cruelly put to death, bravely defending the freedom of their country against the Roman governor Suetonius Paulinus, who totally destroyed every mark of Druidism in this island.

The orde of Druids is of great antiquity, as there were Druids in the time of Pythagoras, more than 600 years before our Saviour appeared on the earth.

It is also probable that the Druids derived their doctrine of the transmigration of souls from Pythagoras; for, as that great philosopher traversed the eastern part of the world in pursuit of knowledge, and to converse with the Brachmans, &c. it is very possible, that the same desire of information might lead him to visit the opposite part of the globe, to acquire a knowledge of

the religion of the Druids; and many of their customs appear to favor his tenets.

The Druids were original in Britain, and thence, the order passed into Gaul; of this, Cæsar gives express evidence.

The Druids taught their pupils in metre; hence the Bards held so high a rank among them. The verses of the ancient Bards is the sort of metre in which the Druids taught their Tyroes; some of these are traditional in Wales, Cornwall, and Scotland.

The oldest kind of British verse is that called, by Rhy's Grammar, Englyn Millar.

Among the Druids an age or generation was only thirty years, which seems to account for the number of years mentioned in old traditional accounts; which, at first view, according to our modern method of computation, gives them the appearance of being fabulous: but, when *an age* consisted only of thirty years, it was easy to give to their subjects an air of antiquity; and stories, which we might suppose were begun before the world was created, may be reasonably imagined to date their

commencement from its foundation; and the most moderate may be traced to the flood.

Page 38, line 8.

The forest wild, of Delamere,

The Forest of Delamere is a very extensive tract, comprising great part of the hundred of Eddisbury. In the time of Leland, it abounded with red and fallow deer; but it is now a bleak and dreary waste, composed of deep sand and steril heath, and chiefly inhabited by rabbits, with a few black terns, which skim over the pools and stagnant waters that occupy it. Near a place called the *Chamber of the Forest*, once the centre of the woodland, a few stunted trees remain. This hundred contains no town of consequence; though tradition reports, that a large town formerly was seated in it; but no distinct records concerning it exist. — *Beauties of England and Wales.*—*Cheshire.*

Page 43, line 1.

With daring bound, and agile leap,
Would climb Trecarris' rugged steep.

On the Eifl Hills is the most perfect and magnificent, as well as the most artful, of any British post I ever beheld. It is called *Tre'r Caeiri*, or the *Town of the Fortresses*. This, which was the accessible side, is defended by three walls; the lowest is very imperfect, the next tolerably entire, and has in it the grand entrance. The Eifl mountains, make a distinguished figure with the Sugar-loaf points from various, and distant parts of the country; they range obliquely, and separate Lleyrn from the hundred of Arfon, and jut into the sea near Vortigern's valley.

Page 43, line 5.

And on a scene sublime and grand,
From Vann's high mount, to Cleddau's strand,
Or proud Plinlimmon's lofty brow,
To where the Taffé's swift waters flow.

The base of the vast hill of Plinlimmon is most extensive, the top boggy and the view over a wild and almost uninhabited country. Part of it lies in the county of Montgomery, and part in Cardiganshire; besides the Severn, it gives rise to the Ridal, which flows to the sea near Abergstwyth; and the Wye, which precipitating, from its fountains, down some most romantic rocks, continues its course till it falls into the Severn near Chepstow.

The Vann, or Brecknock Beacon, is the highest mountain in South Wales.

The Cleddau in Pembrokeshire, and the swift flowing Taffe, are two small rivers which add much to the beauty of the counties through which they pass.

Page 44, line 1.

For not great EDWARD's conquering powers,
Could chase from those their native bowers,
The Minstrels' song, the Minstrell spell :
Borne on the gale their accents swell ;
Still sounds the harp, on mountains high,
And vocal vales the notes reply.

“ Though EDWARD THE FIRST, after the conquest of Wales, exercised a political cruelty over the Bards of his time, yet future princes thought fit to revive the Eisteddfod ; an institution likely to soften the manners of a fierce people. These *Eisteddfods* were the *British Olympics*. Fired, at first, with generous emulation, our poets crowded into the list, and carried off the prize, contented at first, with victory. The *Bardi* (*Bierdds* of the *Britons*) were of great authority among the *Celtic* nations : the *Germans* were animated in battle, by verses delivered in a deep and solemn tone ; among the Gauls, they sung the actions of great men ; and particularly celebrated, in their hymns, the heroes who fell in battle.

“ It is highly probable, that the Bards and Minstrels were under certain regulations, during the time of Druidism ; but we find no proofs of them till long after : till the days of Cadwaladr, last king of Britain, who died at Rome, about the year 688. Of him, it is said, that being at an assembly of this nature, there came a Minstrel and played in a key so displeasing, that he and all his brethren were prohibited, under a severe penalty, from ever playing on it any more ; but were ordered to

adopt that of Mwynen Gwynedd, or the sweet key of Gwynedd.

“ I imagine, that previous to this, there had been musical regulations in Britain; for I find that a tune, called *Gosteg yn Halen*, or the *prelude of the salt*, was always played whenever the salt-seller was placed before King *Arthur's* Knights, at his round table.

“ After *Cadwaladr*, the next princes who undertook the reform of our minstrelsy, were *Bleddyn ap Cynsyn*, and *Gryffydd ap Cynan*. The first was contemporary with the Conqueror; the last, with King Stephen. After the time of these princes, the great men, their descendants, took these people under their protection, allowing them the liberty of circuiting their respective territories thrice a year, viz. at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsunday; and principality, once in three years.

“ The Bards were in the highest repute. They were supposed to be endowed with powers equal to inspiration. They were the oral historians of all past transactions public and private. They related great events of the state; and, like the *Scalds* of the northern nations, retained the memory of transactions, which, otherwise

would have perished in oblivion. But they had another talent which, probably, endeared them more than all the rest, to the *Welsh* nobility; that of being most accomplished genealogists, and flattering their vanity in singing the deeds of an ancestry derived from the most distant period.

“ A commission for holding an *Eisteddfod* at *Caerwys* in *Flintshire* in 1568, is still in possession of the *Mostyn* family, together with the *SILVER HARP*, which had, from time immemorial, been in the gift of their ancestors to bestow on the *chief of the faculty*. This badge of honor is about five or six inches long, and furnished with strings equal to the number of the *Muses*.”—*Account of the Eisteddfod, in Pennant's Tour in Wales.*

Page 132, line 6.

TO MARGARET of the bloody Rose,
Augusta's gates would not uncloze;
With EDWARD's name her confines ring,
And WARWICK hails him England's King.

The northern soldiers of MARGARET, declared they

had taken up arms only on the promise of having the plunder of all the country south of the Trent. This declaration inspired the inhabitants of London with such terror, that they would not permit the gates to be opened to her. MARGARET retired into the north, and the EARL OF MARCH was received in London with the acclamations of the citizens. As the caution with which the late DUKE OF YORK had proceeded, had been prejudicial to his cause, the friends of his youthful heir, judged it absolutely necessary to place him at once upon the throne. The EARL OF WARWICK drew up his army in St. John's fields among throngs of people; whom, after ordering them to be cast into a ring around him, he asked if they would have HENRY OF LANCASTER for their King, they cried no! no! He then demanded if they would have EDWARD, son of the late DUKE OF YORK, to reign over them, to which they answered by acclamations expressing their consent.—*Rapin.*

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE SIXTH.

Page 58, verse 2.

Mark, where, upon the Aire's hoar strand,
The LORD FITZWALTER takes his stand.

As soon as EDWARD was come to Pontefract, he detached the LORD FITZWALTER to secure the passage of Ferribridge, upon the river Aire; which was necessarily to be passed, in order to join his enemies. FITZWALTER

succeeded according to the King's desires, and posted himself on the other side of the river with his detachment. In the mean time, HENRY and his Queen, who were at York, hearing that EDWARD was marching with all speed, readily concluded it was to give them battle. This was what they wished most earnestly, since the gaining of a victory was the only means left for their restoration. They made, therefore, the DUKE OF SOMERSET, general of their army and waited at York, the success of a battle, which was to determine their fate.

The DUKE OF SOMERSET, hearing EDWARD had secured the passage of Ferribridge, did not doubt that it was with intention to fight, and to oblige him to do it with disadvantage, resolved to dislodge FITZWALTER, in order to have the river between him and his enemies. Pursuant to this resolution, the LORD CLIFFORD was detached to recover the post seized by FITZWALTER. Whether FITZWALTER was guilty of any negligencer or was not timely supported, he could not withstand CLIFFORD's attack, who drove his troops over the river, with great slaughter. FITZWALTER and a natural son of the EARL OF SALISBURY, were slain in the action.—
F. win.

Page 59, line 9.

When WARWICK's ears the tidings meet,
The blood forsakes the chieftain's cheek,

The EARL OF WARWICK was considered as the soul of EDWARD's army. The King was looked upon as a valiant young prince without experience, and the EARL OF WARWICK as the real general. Accordingly, all eyes were fixed upon him, to see, by his countenance, whether there was reason to hope or fear. The news of FITZWALTER's defeat being brought to the EARL, he seemed in a great consternation, dreading this first check might discourage the army. He immediately hastened to inform the King, with an emotion, that plainly discovered how apprehensive he was of the consequences. But, withal, to shew his fears were not personal, he stabbed his horse and kissing the hilt of his sword, made like a cross, swore that though the whole army should take flight, he would alone defend the King's cause.—*Rapin.*

Page 60, line 1.

But EDWARD, all courageous, hears,
What fills great WARWICK's breast with fears.

EDWARD, perceiving the Earl's concern, judged it necessary to prevent the ill-effects it might produce among the troops. Instead, therefore, of being alarmed at the news, he made proclamation, that all who desired it, might depart; that he would reward all that should do their duty; but there was no favor to be expected for those who should fly during the battle.—*Rapin.*

Page 60, verse 11.

Then FAUCONBRIDGE, with sword and lance,
And secret haste, he bade t' advance.

EDWARD detached WILLIAM NEVIL, LORD FAUCONBRIDGE to pass the Aire at Castleford, about three miles from Ferribridge, with orders to attack those who guarded the post so lately lost. FAUCONBRIDGE executed his orders with such secrecy and expedition, that he passed the river at Castleford, before the enemies had the least notice. Then marching along the river, he met

CLIFFORD at the head of a body of horse, suddenly attacked him and put him to the rout.—*Rapin.*

Page 61, line 1.

The post he gained, the pass he won,

So from the cloud emerged the sun ;

The *device* of EDWARD was a SUN ; which now, bursting from the obstacles which momentarily impeded its bright career, illumed the youthful owner to victory. “ The post of Ferribridge being thus fortunately recovered, EDWARD, who held himself ready, passed his army over the river and immediately marched in quest of his enemies.”—*Rapin.*

Page 61, line 4.

Then, to the vengeful CLIFFORD’s heart,

Was urged, by fate, an iron dart ;

By death, the bloody chief was seized,

And RUTLAND’S manes were appeased.

“ CLIFFORD was slain with an arrow, in the beginning of the battle ;—to light a punishment for his in-

humanity to the young EARL OF RUTLAND, at the battle of Wakefield.”—*Rapin*.

That CLIFFORD's treatment of the youthful and unoffending EARL OF RUTLAND, was inhuman, every feeling heart must acknowledge.—But it must be remembered that CLIFFORD lived in a barbarous age; and it is to be hoped that the motive of his crime, and his death, expiated his fault in the eyes of the Judge of all men. The father of CLIFFORD was slain by RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK, at the battle of St. Alban's; when CLIFFORD vowed vengeance on the whole line of YORK. Thus, filial love mingles with his revenge, and serves as a palliative for what must otherwise be deemed a wanton act of cruelty.

Page 61, verse 3.

Soon, Tawton, doth thy blood-stained plain,
Green with heaps of patriots slain;

The following Letter gives us a very curious and authentic account of the bloody battle of Tawton, a village about ten miles S. W. from York, fought on Palm Sunday, the 29th of March 1461; within a month after

EDWARD's possessing himself of the Crown, and upon the fate of which, his future hopes of retaining it depended.

The facts here related are those sent by the King himself to his mother, CICELY, DUCHESS OF YORK. This account did not arrive in London, till six days after the battle.

“ Letter, to my Master, John Paston, in haste.

“ Please you to know and weet of such tidings, as my LADY OF YORK hath by a letter of credence, under the sign manual of our Sovereign Lord, King EDWARD; which letter came unto our said Lady, this same day Easter Even at eleven o'clock, and was seen and read by one William Paston.

“ First, Our Sovereign Lord hath won the field; and upon the Monday next after Palm Sunday, he was *received* into York with great solemnity and processions. And the Mayor and Commons of the said city made their means (*mediation*) to have grace, by Lord Montague, and Lord Banners; which, before the King's coming into the said city, desired him of grace for the said city, which granted him grace.

“ On the King's part is slain Lord Fitzwalter, and

Lord Jessop sore hurt; John Stafford, Horne of Kent, be dead; and Humphrey Stafford, and William Hastings made Knights with others; Blont is knighted, &c.

“ On the *contrary* part is dead, Lord Clifford, Lord Welles, Lord Wylloughby, Anthony Lord Scale, Lord Henry (query Stafford), and by *supposition* the Earl of Northumberland, Andrew Trollop, with many others, gentle and commons, to the number of twenty thousand.

“ Item, King Harry, the Queen, the Prince, Duke of Somerset, Duke of Exeter, Lord Roos, be fled into Scotland, and they be chased and followed, &c. We send no er (*no sooner*) unto you, because we had none certain till now, for unto this day London was as sorry city as might; and because Spordams had no certain tidings, we thought ye should take them *a worth* (*as you would*) till more certain.

“ Item, Thorp Waterfield is *yielded*, as Spordams can tell you.

“ And Jesu speed you; we pray you that this tidings my mother may know.

“ By your Brother,

“ W. PASTON.”

“ London, Saturday, Easter Eve,

4th April, 1461.—K. E. IV.

On a piece of paper pinned to the above letter, is a list of the names of the nobleman and knights and the number of soldiers slain at the above battle of Towton, as follows :

“ NOBLEMEN,

Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.

Thomas Courtney, Earl of Devonshire.

William Beaumont, Viscount Beaumont.

John Clifford, Lord Clifford.

John Neville, Lord Neville.

Lord Daere.

Lord Henry Stafford, of Buckingham.

Lionel Welles, Lord Welles.

Anthony Rivers, Lord Seales.

Richard Welles, Lord Willoughby.

Sir Ralph Bigot, Kt. Lord de Malley.

KNIGHTS,

Sir Ralph Gray.

Sir Richard Jeney.

Sir Harry Belingham.

Sir Andrew Trollop.

With twenty-eight thousand, numbered by the Heralds.

This number is considerably less than that given by our historians. (Rapin mentions six and thirty thousand.)

“ Sir Richard Fynes was at this time Lord Dacre, but he was not killed in this battle.”—*Original Letters*.

Page 63, verse 4.

So Anjou's Princess in the fight appears,

According to Rapin, &c. MARGARET OF ANJOU was not present at this battle, but remained at York with her royal and unfortunate husband; however, as the author met with an old account which mentioned her commanding in person at Towton, she has adopted the latter idea as adding to the interest of the scene.

Page 64, verse 5.

See WARWICK moves, his armour beaming far,
The great in arms, the terrible in war;
Majestic, as of old, stern AJAX trod,
When in the field, he spoke and looked a god.

The EARL OF WARWICK is too remarkable a character

to be passed over in silence ; his magnificence and splendid hospitality, united to his skill in arms, obtained him the appellation of the GREAT EARL OF WARWICK. His character appears amiable, in those bloody times, for with all his valor, no deed of cruelty was ever executed by him, but the truly brave are always noble-minded. A warm friend, and a dangerous enemy, to which side soever he adhered, he proved himself an host ; and, perhaps, unaided by him, the battle of Towton would not have been declared in favor of EDWARD, notwithstanding the prompt courage which the latter displayed at one particular time, when WARWICK himself, seemed dismayed. The courage of the youthful hero was the effect of ardent and impetuous youth,—sanguine in hope, and but little taught by experience ; while the alarm of the veteran was not caused by coward fear, but resulted from experience and a knowledge of the influence the smallest events have on the minds of men. Yet this *King-making* warrior was slain ten years after, fighting against EDWARD, who had unwisely contrived to make WARWICK his foe ; and by the death of the noble EARL,

MARGARET lost her last support and hope, so that the death of WARWICK settled the peace of the kindom.

The following Letter is from him to a friend ; and, as only two of his private letters are extant, it will be interesting from its rarity, and being the production of so great a character.

“ Right trusty, and well-beloved friend, we greet you well, heartily desiring to hear of your welfare, which we pray God to preserve to your heart’s desire ; and if please you to hear of our welfare ; we were in good health at the making of this letter, pray you heartily that ye will consider our message, which our Chaplain, Master Robert Hopton, shall inform you of ; for as God knoweth, we have great business daily, and have had here before this time ; wherefore, we pray you to consider the purchase which we have made with one John Swyffhcote (Southcote), an Esquire of Lincolnshire, of £88 by the year, whereupon, we must pay the last payment the Monday next after St. Martin’s day (11th of November), which sum is £458 : wherefore, we pray you with all our heart, that ye will lend us ten or twenty pounds, or what the said Master Robert wants of his payment, as we may

do for you, in time for to come, and we shall send it you again before New Year's day, with the grace of God, as we are a true Knight : for there is none in your county that we might trust, so well as unto you; for as we be informed, ye be our well willer, and so we pray you of good continuance. Where we pray you, that ye consider our intent of this money, as ye will that we do for you in time to come, as God knoweth; who have you in his keeping.

“ Written at London, on All-Soul's day, within our lodging, in the Grey Friars, within Newgate.

“ RICHARD, EARL OF WARWICK.

“ *London, 2nd of Nov.*

“ *Before 1455.*”

“ His promise for the repayment of the money at the time fixed, is *by his Knighthood*, a sacred promise in that age of Chivalry.

“ The EARL OF WARWICK lodged at his house in the Grey Friars, when he came to London, by the King's desire, in 1458, to meet the Lords of the opposite party on amicable terms. The seal of this letter is of red wax,

on which is the Bear and Ragged Staff, with his motto, the whole very fair and curious, and around it is a braid of twine."

In this epistle we learn the difference between the value of money in that age, and the present, for the great Earl of Warwick seems as anxious to borrow ten or twenty pounds as many noblemen and gentlemen in our age are to obtain ten or twenty thousand, and the value of the sum may be estimated by the *sacred* promise which the Earl gives of repayment; had it not been reckoned considerable he would not surely have thought it necessary to pledge his Knighthood.

Page 67, line 3.

In favour of their kindred rose
Then fall the fast-descending snows.
And guided by the driving wind
The troops of Lancaster they blind.
More fatal prove the darts of air
Than those which in their hands they bear.

Henry's army was sixty thousand strong, and Ed-

ward's about forty thousand. The air was darkened by the snow, which fell very thick, and was blown by the wind in the faces of the Lancastrians; these began the fight with a volley of arrows, which being discharged too far off, did no execution. The reason of this was, Fauconbridge finding the enemy was blinded by the snow, ordered his men to shoot a volley of slight arrows, (provided on purpose) and then draw back. The Lancastrians feeling the arrows, and thinking their enemies were nearer than they were, shot all their arrows, which fell short sixty yards, and sticking in the ground did them hurt when they came to close fight.—*Rapin and Hall.*

Page 76, line 7.

To sing the glories of our land,
To sound the virtues of our King,
Demands that an immortal hand
Should sweep a heavenly-breathing string.

The Author trusts that every loyal Briton who honors this Poem with a perusal, will pardon the digression in

which the above stanza is introduced, as it is the effusion of disinterested loyalty to her Sovereign and admiration of the stars whose actions will transmit his name with glory to posterity ; and, among the virtuous, the name of George the Third will be enrolled for ever.

Page 78, verse 15.

From misty dawn, to twilight pale,
The deeds of blood and death prevail.

This terrible battle lasted from seven in the morning till dark ; from which the obstinacy of the conflict may be conceived.

Page 78, verse 15.

Victorious mid the combat glare
The ragged staff and shaggy bear.

The Bear and Ragged Staff was the device of the great and victorious Warwick, upon his return from Calais ; his followers were distinguished by wearing on the sleeves of their garments those emblems in silver.

Page 79, line 9.

Then flowing Wharf thy beauteous flood
Distilled for England tears of blood,
A thousand warriors swell thy wave,
The hero's tomb, the soldier's grave.

Edward had, before the battle, made proclamation in his army that no quarter should be given, well knowing, the taking of prisoners would but weaken his army. The flying troops shaped their course towards Tadcaster bridge, but, despairing to reach it, because they were so hotly pursued by their enemies, they turned aside in order to pass the Cock, which runs into the Dherf or Wharf. This was done in such confusion and hurry that the river was immediately filled with those who were drowned, and who in their misfortune, served for a bridge to their companions. The slaughter is said to have been so great in this place, that the waters of the Wharf were all dyed with the blood.

Page 89, line 11.

Yet e'en in death to pride resigned,
Their prompt assistance she declined ;
Her tottering frame she feebly raised,
Alternate on them both she gazed ;
Triumph one moment fired her eye,
She cried, your power I now defy !
The bandage from her temples tore,
Then breathless fell, to rise no more.

At a time when beauty and accomplishments, are chiefly spoken of, and virtue and useful acquirements are seldom taken into the scale of female adornment, every opportunity ought to be embraced of shewing the deformity of vice, and it has been the aim of the author to evince, in the character of JANE DE CLIFFORD, that the arrows of beauty are powerless when aimed at the worthy and the sensible, unless tipped by virtue and guided by discretion. Let modesty be once cast aside and woman becomes a monster of depravity ! Rome had her Messalina, Greece her Helen ; but, however the taste

for ancient costume, and ancient modes may revive, I wish my dear country-women, if their tastes are so very classical, rather to adopt the manners and dress of a Cornelia or Lucretia than those of a dissolute Messalina or an alluring Helen—beauty, adorned by modesty and virtue, is irresistible, but, without them, however adulation and flattery may hover round its form, the good and the wise despise it. Let the females of Britain remember that upon them depends much; for the virtue and exemplary conduct of the women of a nation, inspire men with bravery and determination to defend their wives, their daughters, and their sisters, against every foreign attack: while carelessness or levity of deportment and immodesty in dress, lessen the respect of the other sex, and decrease the interest they would otherwise feel for their welfare.

Page 92, line last but one.

Each strange reverse had CICELY known.

Great indeed were the reverses in the life of this Princess; descended from royalty, brought up in princely

grandeur, and wedded to one whose birth entitled him to claim the throne of England, CICELY of Raby was yet doomed to insult and imprisonment; to her how terrible must have been this reverse of fortune, the daughter and sister of the Lords of Raby a prisoner in its walls—then mother to a King—and surrounded by all the pomp of royalty—but her sorrows were still heavy—the rebellion of Clarence against Edward, and his murder by command of his brother were dreadful trials to the heart of a mother. The death of Edward opened a new source of sorrow, for with all his various errors he had ever treated his mother with affection and respect—and Richard his.

Page 114, verse 40.

Then CAXTON formed the noble plan,
Which now from ignorance rescues man,
Then Printing, art divine! began.

WILLIAM CAXTON, the first who introduced the art of printing with fusile types into England, was born about the latter end of the reign of Henry the Fourth. Being about fifteen, he was put apprentice to Mr. Robert

Large, a mercer, who, after having been Sheriff and Mayor of London, died in 1441, leaving by will thirty-four marks to his apprentice WILLIAM CAXTON; a considerable legacy in those days, and an early testimony of CAXTON's good behaviour and integrity. CAXTON went abroad to settle the same year that his master died, and was entrusted by the mercers' company to be their agent or factor in Holland, Zealand, Flanders, &c. In 1464, a commission was granted to him and Richard Whetchill, Esq. by Edward the Fourth, to continue and confirm the treaty of trade and commerce between his Majesty and the Duke of Burgundy; or, if they found it necessary, to make a new one. They are styled in the commission ambassadors and special deputies. A marriage was concluded in July 1468, between the King's sister, Lady Margaret of York, and the Duke's son Charles, he being then Duke of Burgundy; and when the lady arrived at the Duke's court at Bruges, CAXTON appears to have been of her retinue. He was now either one of her household, or held some constant post or office under her, because, as he says, he received of her a yearly fee or salary, besides many

other good and great benefits. Being more expert than most in penmanship and languages, it is probable that he was employed by the Duchess in some literary way. As soon as he had acquired the mystery of the new invention of printing, (which he did not accomplish, he says himself, without great expence), he was employed by her in translating out of French a large volume, and afterwards printing it. It appeared under the title of "The Recuyell of the History of Troy;" and is the first book we now know of, that was printed in the English tongue; the date being Sept. 19, 1471, at Colen, (Cologne). By the edition of the "Game of Chess," dated 1474, CAXTON appears to have been settled in England; and this book is allowed, by all the typographical antiquaries, to have been the first specimen of the art among us. The next performance of CAXTON of which the date is ascertained is "The Dictes and Sayinges of the Philosophers, translated out of the French by Antone Erle Ryvyres Lord Icerles, and emprinted by William Caxton Westminster 1477." It consists of seventy-five leaves, and contains the sayings of Sedechias, Homer, Solon, Hippocrates, Pythagoras, Diogenes, Socrates,

Plato, Aristotle, Alexander, Ptolemy, Seneca, St. Gregory, Galen, and some others. At the end of the translation there is a remarkable chapter added, of three leaves, (which concludes the whole volume) written by WILLIAM CAXTON, or the Earl in his name; containing a translation from the French, of those sarcasms of Socrates, against the fair sex, which the noble translator of the rest, had purposely passed over, in the proper places, under the chapter of that philosopher.

CAXTON printed several other pieces, either of his own composition, or translated by him. His last work was a translation from the French of “The Holy Lives of the Fathers, Hermits living in the Deserts:” and we are told by Wynken de Worde, that he finished his life and translation together, on the same day in 1491.—*Jones’s Bio. Dict.*

CAXTON first practised the art of printing in *Westminster Abbey*. But though to CAXTON *this* country is indebted for an art of the first utility, the original inventor was John de Guttenburgh, a citizen of Strassburgh, who, in conjunction with Fust or Faustus, and Peter Schaeffer or Schaeffer, the servant, and afterwards

the son-in-law of Faustus, by whom the art was further improved. John de Guttemburgh flourished about 1450.

Page 14, verse 41.

Religion, tell thy sacred band
'Twas this to honor raised the land.
In vain had Luther's zealous ire
Inflamed his line with holy fire;
In vain his high superior mind,
No more by fetters base, confined,
Had sought, a blinded world, to free,
Had not his works diffused by thee,
Oh, heavenly art! been widely spread;
They to this nation's glory led.—

MARTIN LUTHER an illustrious German divine and reformer of the Church, born at Toleben in Saxony, 1483. He studied at Erfurth, being designed for a Civilian, but an awful catastrophe made such an impression on his mind that he resolved to retire from the world; as he was walking in the fields with a fellow-

student, they were struck by lightning, LUTHER to the ground, and his companion dead by his side ; he entered into the order of the Augustine Hermits at Erfurth ; from this place he removed to Wurtumburgh, being appointed by the Elector of Saxony professor of theology and philosophy in that University just founded there by that prince. In 1512 he was sent to Rome, to plead the cause of some convents of his order, who had quarrelled with their Vicar-general ; this gave him an opportunity of observing the corruption of the Pontifical Court and the licentious lives of the dignitaries of the Church, and probably gave him the first disgust to the Romish ecclesiastical government, especially as he had engaged in the monastic life from motives of genuine piety. Upon his return to Wurtemburgh it was remarked that he grew unusually pensive and more austere in his life and conversation : he likewise read and expounded the sacred writings in lectures and sermons and threw new light on obscure passages : the minds of his auditors being thus prepared, a favourable occasion soon offered for carrying into execution his grand plan of reformation. In 1517 Pope Leo X, published his *indulgences*. Albert, Archbishop of

Mentz and Magdeburgh, was commissioner for Germany, and was to have half the sum raised in that country; Tecelius, a Dominican friar, was deputed to collect with others of his order for Saxony; and he carried his zeal so far, as to declare his commission to be so extensive, that no crime would be too great to be pardoned; by purchasing indulgences, not only past sins but those intended were to be forgiven. Against these vile practices LUTHER openly preached with wonderful success and thus began his reformation in Germany. LUTHER died in 1546.—*Jones's Bio. Dict.*

As it would be irrelevant to the original subject of the Poem, to give more than a brief sketch of the life of this great Reformist, the Author forbears to give an account of the persecutions which he met with on account of his opinions.

The name of LUTHER must ever be held in veneration by the true members of the Established Church, and not only by Churchmen but by *every* Englishman, by every individual who is a true subject in the British dominions; as, whoever reads the history of this country will perceive,

that it is since the abolition of popery from this kingdom, that our island has attained that height of glory which now adorns it. It is true our Edwards and Henries achieved great actions, but what availed renown on foreign ground when it was in the power of the Pope to raise commotions at home, by some edict, with which the Monarch did not like to comply, and thus the Monarch and the Churchmen were generally at variance. Contrast the short but bloody dreadful reign of Mary a bigotted Papist, with the long and glorious one of Elizabeth, when protestantism was established, and then, friends of your country, can you wish for Roman Catholic ascendancy? Now the Prince and the Priest, the Lord and the Peasant, are bound to each other by every motive of loyalty and religion—and though some factious spirits disturb at present that peace which would otherwise prevail in this happy country, I trust the time will ere long arrive when unanimity will prevail and every heart and voice unite to repel any ruinous innovation which would affect our religion or our laws.

Page 115, line 8.

Of Popery broke th'enthralling chain
Which never may we owe again.

Perhaps some of those who are friendly to the *Roman* Catholic cause, on perusing the above lines may believe the Author a narrow-minded-bigot, she is not so. A Roman Catholic individual in distress would be to her an equal object of pity and benevolence with a Protestant ; but as a collective body, she by no means wishes them to succeed in their present views. For what can they wish but absolute power? are they restrained in their religion or their personal liberty? No—power then is their aim—it has been said what can we have to fear from Roman Catholic influence, for the head of their Church is a feeble old man who is now under the dominion of Bonaparte?—true, but these very arguments tend rather to subvert than support the cause they would uphold. That feeble old man will not live for ever, most probably but a few years, and should Bonaparte still retain any power, upon the demise of this Pope, he will elevate

some minion of his train to the Pontifical Chair, who active and enterprising may issue his bulls and threaten with excommunication all who refuse to lend their aid in placing under his power and that of his imperial friend, the Kingdom of Great-Britain; in that case the consequences to this country may be such as to convince (when too late!) those who through a false idea of generosity would give equal power to Roman Catholic subjects as to Protestants, that by so doing the grand bulwark of our glorious Constitution is overturned.

CONCLUDING NOTE.

The Author is conscious that some apology is due to her Readers for the number of historical notes which she has inserted, but as she thought it probable that her work might be perused by some young people who are not well acquainted with the history of their own country, she thought it right to give her authorities for the historical part of the Poem, and to enable them to distinguish between the true and fictitious part of this story.

The Author also trusts that she shall be excused for

having openly declared her opinions in regard to religion, &c. as at a time when faction boldly rears her gorgon crest, she thinks it is the duty of every well-wisher to his country, and of every loyal subject, to dare to support the right cause.

The annexed autographs from those engraved in the original letters are copied: the Author thought them valuable specimens of the writing of that age.

1. R. YORK.—2. R. WARWICK.—3. SUFFOLK.—4. SALISBURY.

^{1.}
R York

^{2.}
R Salisbury R

^{3.}
R Suffolk R

^{4.}
R Salisbury R

THE END.

Printed by Cox and Bayly,
No. 73, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn 1846.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Canto Second.	—	Page 49,	line 6th	for attend,	read attends
	—	60,	— 11th	— glooms,	— gloom's
Canto Third.	—	— 76,	— 10th	— One secret locked, within his breast	
				read One secret, locked within his breast	
	—	— 77,	— 2d	for Remembered, yet tho' viewed, &c.	
				read Remembered yet, tho' viewed, &c.	
	—	— 89,	— 10th	for arms,	read arm,
	—	— 97,	— 12th	— comprise,	— emprise
Canto Fourth.	—	— 135,	— 2d	— and,	— an,
	—	— 136,	— 5th	— come,	— came,
	—	— 150,	— 9th	— the,	— thee,
	—	— 168,	— 12th	— loyal dame,	— lovely dame,
	—	— 192,	— 12th	— his,	— has,
	—	— 103,	— 10th	— aud,	— and

VOL. II.

Canto Fifth.	—	Page 19,	line 2d	for suspense,	read suspense
	—	— 19,	— 10th	— with,	— in,
	—	— 37,	— 1st	— Waked every nerve to pity, true,	
				read Waked every nerve to pity true ;	
Canto Sixth.	—	— 61,	— 7th	for Tawton,	read Towton,
	—	— 64,	— 6th	— No coward dread, with hope and valor rest,	
				read Not coward dread, but hope and valor rest,	
	—	— 66,	— 6th	for baldrie's,	read baldric's
	—	— 74,	— 6th	— uncleaned,	— unlearned,
	—	— 75,	— 2d	— her,	— our,
	—	— 86,	— 8th	— comest,	— com'st,
	—	— 87,	— 8th	— friends,	— fiends
	—	— 90,	— 9th	— on each eye,	— in each eye
	—	— 98,	— 5th	— dances	— dunce's
	—	— 98,	— 10th	— dyed	— died
	—	— 110,	— 6th	— had,	— she

The Note to these lines, "To Margaret of the bloody Rose," &c. is placed, by mistake, at the end of the Fifth Canto, instead of the Fourth.







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